

Status Quo

"Crawling from The Wreckage"

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Got out really early from the factory, driving like a nut
in the rain

Don't think I was acting so hysterically
But I didn't see a thing until it came

Man, the drunks were verbal in the takeaway
Beating up the Chinese at the counter
I put a few inside me at the end of the day
I took out my revenge on the revolution counter

Crawling from the wreckage, crawling from the
wreckage
You'd think by now at least that half my brain would get
the message
Crawling from the wreckage, crawling from the
wreckage
Into a brand, new car

In walks Bud, with his exploding nose
He'd been giving it maximum today
He shouted, how the devil you in trouble, I suppose
But all you ever do is run away

Turned up the motor into hyper-drive
I wasn't gonna take any of that
Don't get bright ideas about a suicide
'Cause all I ever hear is zoom, wam, bam past me

Crawling from the wreckage, crawling from the
wreckage
You'd think by now at least that half my brain would get
the message
Crawling from the wreckage, crawling from the
wreckage
Into a brand, new car

Crawling, crawling, crawling from the wreckage
Crawling, crawling, crawling from the wreckage
Crawling, crawling, crawling from the wreckage

Crawling from the wreckage, crawling from the
wreckage

Bits of me are scattered in the trees and in the hedges
Crawling from the wreckage, crawling from the
wreckage
Into a brand, new car

Nothing seem to happen that ain't happened before
I see it all through flashes of depression
I dry up my drink and people running for the door
God, I make some kind of impression

'Cause when I'm disconnected from the driving wheel
I'm only half the man I should be
But metal hitting metal, isn't all I feel
And everything is good as it possibly could be

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